



Christian Appalachian Project  
322 Crab Orchard Road  
Lancaster, Kentucky 40446-0001  
Reverend Ralph W. Belting

*God bless you  
for opening  
my letter and  
reading it!*



Dear Friend,

It's 11:30 P.M. on a Tuesday night and I'm tired, I need a shower, and I want to go to bed.

But I can't sleep ... not until I finish this letter and pray that God will fill your heart with compassion for the poor of Appalachia -- as he did mine in 1957.

That's when I started the Christian Appalachian Project -- in the back room of a small church -- to help the poor help themselves.

At first, a few special friends brought some old clothes and shoes, used pots and pans, and whatever else they had to give to the poor.

At special times during the year, food baskets were given out to feed hungry youngsters whose homes were nothing but patched-up rabbit hutches.

But the more I saw of the hardships the poor had to endure, the more I helped -- and eventually word spread that someone here in Kentucky cared.

Scattered like a patchwork quilt across the scenic Appalachian mountains, the aged, homeless, handicapped, and destitute came to see me.

As word reached the valleys and isolated areas, I heard about others. So I drove an old Ford up the back trails into the poorest counties of Kentucky.

And what I saw broke my heart.

I saw ragged little girls caring for their younger brothers and sisters as responsible, adult mothers.

I visited hillside shacks held up by stilts, with sick infants and youngsters crawling and playing on damp, dirty floors. Their hungry eyes pleaded with me to help.

I held the gnarled, boney hands of the aged as they lay dying miserably on sagging cots in run-down shacks.

I wiped tears from the dirt-stained faces of little mentally retarded children.

I hugged them, prayed for them, fed them, clothed them, and found them safe, warm homes.





I entered run-down shacks where the mother sat in a corner, beaten and bruised by her alcoholic spouse, and where the children hadn't eaten a decent meal in days.

And in all that I saw, I saw Jesus calling out to me and others to help these poor, forsaken homeless ... and aged ... and dying.

So I began writing letters to my friends, begging them to send whatever they could to help.

As the need grew, I began writing to friends I'd never met -- friends like you.

And the Christian Appalachian Project grew.

And the poor of the economically depressed area began helping themselves.

They didn't want hand-outs. Appalachian people are a proud people with a rich heritage.

They wanted to make their own way, just as the pioneers of the past did in these mountains.

And so we set up programs and projects to give them back their dignity and at the same time help them rebuild their shacks and barns.

We helped them get running water and bathrooms. But, every step of the way, they worked with us, trying to eke out a normal life from the misery and tragedy all around them.

But it is God's little children I remember most. We brought the poor mountain children down on an old bus to go to one of our child development centers.

Their sweet smiles were payment enough for the hot meals, warm clothes, and education CAP gave them.

But CAP's outreach program didn't stop there.

Today, we operate a respite care center, rummage stores, programs for the elderly, and two camps for disadvantaged and handicapped children.



A common sight in the mountains of Appalachia.



Many Appalachian homes have no indoor plumbing.



We make grants-in-aid to other organizations to avoid any duplication of services, and we support a free clinic.

We run a home repair project that reaches into many counties ... spouse abuse shelters ... child development centers.

From a back room in a small church, CAP has become a continual blessing for the poor and has given life to those who once suffered alone and isolated.

But the need continues, and I'm still out on the back roads and in the hollers, finding others living in places not fit for animals.

And that's why I'm writing you this letter tonight and praying God will fill your heart with compassion, as he has mine. I really have no one else to turn to.

That's the way it is out here. And being a minister of God and working for this interdenominational organization He's made possible ...

... and seeing the miracles He has given to these poor people through the compassionate gifts of friends like you ...

... I keep on going. I keep on praying. And I keep on writing. I need you. God needs you to help me help the poor of Appalachia.

Please join me as a friend right now and send a special gift of \$10, \$25, \$15 -- even \$5 would help. The need is great, but only a few people will respond to my plea.

\* (It's a known fact that just a very small percentage of those who receive this letter will send a donation.)

I'm praying you're one of those. I'm praying you won't let me down. I'm praying you'll seriously consider all the children, the elderly, the handicapped, the abused spouses, and the hungry I'm trying to help before you decide how much to send. And I'm asking you to pray just one minute a day for poor people everywhere.

I don't know you and you don't know me, but



Educating them can help end the cycle of poverty in Appalachia.



The elderly are often victims of isolation and loneliness.



Preparing to deliver Christmas baskets to poor Appalachian families—who often do not have enough nutritious food.



Inadequate medical care has plagued certain areas of Appalachia for years.



Many of Appalachia's seniors are living far below the poverty level.

everything I've told you is true. I'm human, just as you are, and I really believe God didn't intend for human beings to live like the poor people of Appalachia.

That's why I care and why I keep on giving and keep on going -- because life is so precious.

And that's why I'm asking you to do two things today to help me. First, send the most generous gift you can afford. Second, tell a friend about the deplorable conditions in Appalachia and encourage him or her to support our work, too.

Thank you -- and may God bless you and keep you.

P.S. CAP needs volunteers to help with a number of its programs. If you can give us three weeks or more of your time, please let us hear from you.

In His Name,

*Rev. Ralph W. Beiting*

Reverend Ralph W. Beiting

*P.P.S. I'm enclosing a free gift of name labels for you to use on your correspondence, books, etc.*

*God Bless and God night!*

"A summary of the registration and financial documents filed by this organization can be obtained by contacting: in New York, Secretary of State, Office of Charities Registration, 162 Washington Ave., Albany, NY 12231; in Maryland, the Secretary of State, State House, Annapolis, MD 21401; in Pennsylvania, residents may call the Pennsylvania Department of State at 1-800-732-0999; for West Virginia residents, the Secretary of State, State Capitol, Charleston, WV 25305; in Virginia, the State Division of Consumer Affairs, P.O. Box 1163, Richmond VA 23209; Washington State residents may obtain a copy of the last report filed with the Washington Secretary of State by calling toll free within Washington, 1-800-332-4483; in Florida, residents may call the Division of Consumer Services at 1-800-HELP-FLA; or by writing to Christian Appalachian Project, 322 Crab Orchard Road, Lancaster, KY 40446. Registration with any of the above government agencies does not imply endorsement by the state."



Temporary respite care is the only source of relief for many families with sick or elderly members.



Her future is in our hands.

